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POEMS FOR THE YOUNG

PART ONE

(FOR HIGH SCHOOL CLASSES)

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
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MATRICULATION
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AND HOW TO DO THEM

BY
RAI BAHADUR A. C. MUKERJI, M.A., I.E.S.
AND
J. S. ARMOUR, M.A., I.E.S.

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POEMS FOR THE YOUNG

PART ONE

(FOR HIGH SCHOOL CLASSES)

Selected and Edited by

S. P. KHATTRY, M.A., D.PHIL.,

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MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED

CALCUTTA, BOMBAY, MADRAS, LONDON

1949

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PREFACE

This small collection is primarily meant for use in the High Schools of India and Pakistan, and it cannot, of course, represent the work of more than a few of the masters of English verse. It may nevertheless claim to contain a large variety of poems which are not only of high literary quality but are also calculated to please the fancy and sustain the interest of young students. Such students need the message of masters who have been keenly alive to the beauty, the joy, and the purpose of life, and preference has been given to poems which express this feeling for the art of living.

The poems in the collection are graded from two points of view—ease in teaching and variety of interest. Each poem is prefaced with its central idea which will help the shrewd teacher to build up the interest of his students by illustration and elucidation before taking up the text.

The notes at the end of the book explain difficult words, phrases, and allusions. If they are used intelligently, they will help the student to enjoy the poems as well as understand them.

S. P. KHATTRY

Allahabad,
17-9-48.

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I. SONG

Argument.

When we see pain and sorrow in the world we feel that it is an ugly place ; but it is not so. The world has its beauty, its joy, and is safe in God's keeping.

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn ;
Morning's at seven ;
The hill-side's dew-pearled ;
The snail's on the thorn ;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world.

Robert Browning.

II. THE HOUR OF PRAYER

Argument.

Evening is the time for prayer. Every human being wherever and whatever he may be, belongs to the one great family of man and should give thanks and worship to God—the kind Father of us all.

Child, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away ;
Mother, with thine earnest eye,
Ever following silently ;
Father, by the breeze of eve
Called thy harvest work to leave ;

Pray—ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee ;

Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band ;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone ;

Captive in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell ;
Sailor, on the darkening sea—
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Warrior that from battle won
Breathest now at set of sun ;
Woman, o'er the lowly slain
Weeping on his burial-plain ;
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see—
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

F. Hemans.

III. REEDS OF INNOCENCE

Argument.

Songs of love, and happiness bring joy to the soul, and should be learnt by every child.

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,

On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me :

'Pipe a song about a Lamb !'
So I piped with merry cheer.
'Piper, pipe that song again' ;
So I piped : he wept to hear.

'Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe ;
Sing thy songs of happy cheer !'
So I sung the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

'Piper, sit thee down and write,
In a book, that all may read.'
So he vanish'd from my sight ;
And I pluck'd a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stain'd the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

W. Blake.

IV. A WISH

Argument.

A simple life in a quiet country home is the best and the happiest kind of life.

Mine be a cot beside the hill ;
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear ;

A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
With many a fall, shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch,
Shall twitter near her clay-built nest ;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivy'd porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew ;
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing,
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church, among the trees,
Where first our marriage vows were giv'n,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to Heav'n.

Samuel Rogers.

V. THE LITTLE BUSY BEE

Argument.

The smallest creatures of this world work and enjoy the **fruits** of their labour. Men should follow their example.

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From ev'ry op'ning flow'r.

How skilfully she builds her cell !
How neat she spreads the wax.

And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour or of skill
I would be busy too ;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play
Let my first years be past,
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.

Isaac Watts.

VI. THE PLAINT OF THE CAMEL

Argument.

The poor camel complains of his hard lot. He has no nice food, no comfort, and has to carry heavy loads—and even his shape is ridiculous.

Canary birds feed on sugar and seed,
Parrots have crackers to crunch ;
And as for the poodles, they tell me the noodles
Have chicken and cream for their lunch.
But there's never a question
About my digestion—
Anything does for me.

Cats, you're aware, can repose in a chair ;
Chickens can roost upon rails ;

Puppies are able to sleep in a stable ;
And oysters can slumber in pails.
But no one supposes
A poor camel dozes—
Any place does for me.

Lambs are enclosed where it's never exposed ;
Coops are constructed for hens ;
Kittens are treated to houses well heated ;
And pigs are protected by pens.
But a camel comes handy
Wherever it's sandy —
Anywhere does for me.

People would laugh if you rode a giraffe,
Or mounted the back of an ox ;
It's nobody's habit to ride on a rabbit,
Or try to bestraddle a fox.
But as for a camel, he's
Ridden by families—
Any load does for me.

A snake is as round as a hole in the ground ;
Weasels are wavy and sleek ;
And no alligator could ever be straighter
Than lizards that live in a creek.
But a camel's all lumpy
And bumpy and humpy—
Any shape does for me.

C. E. Carryll.

VII. THE OLD

Argument.

Death gives rest and peace to the old, and also ends their life of grief and care.

They are waiting on the shore
For the bark to take them home :
They will toil and grieve no more ;
The hour for release hath come.

All their long life lies behind
Like a dimly blending dream :
There is nothing left to bind
To the realms that only seem.

They are waiting for the boat ;
There is nothing left to do ;
What was near them grows remote,
Happy silence falls like dew ;
Now the shadowy bark is come,
And the weary may go home.

By still waters they would rest
In the shadow of the tree ;
After battle sleep is best,
After noise, tranquillity.

R. B. W. Noel.

VIII. A FAREWELL

Argument.

The poet is saying farewell to a real brook. He wrote these verses when he was leaving his early home at Somersby in Lincolnshire.

Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,
Thy tribute wave deliver ;
No more by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea,
A rivulet then a river ;
Nowhere by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

But here will sigh thine alder tree,
And here thine aspen shiver ;
And here by thee will hum the bee,
For ever and for ever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee,
A thousand moons will quiver ;
But not by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

Alfred Tennyson.

IX. CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH

Argument.

Youth and age are unfriendly because of their different outlook on life.

Crabbed Age and Youth
Cannot live together ;
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care ;
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather ;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short ;
Youth is nimble, Age is lame ;
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold ;
Youth is wild and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee ;
Youth, I do adore thee.

William Shakespeare.

X. THE MAN OF LIFE UPRIGHT

Argument.

The life of an upright man is full of contentment, peace, and happiness.

The man of life upright,
Whose guiltless heart is free
From all dishonest deeds,
Of thought of vanity ;

The man whose silent days
In harmless joys are spent,
Whom hopes cannot delude
Nor sorrow discontent ;

That man needs neither towers
Nor armour for defence,
Nor secret vaults to fly
From thunder's violence ;

He only can behold
With unaffrighted eyes
The horrors of the deep
And terrors of the skies.

Thus scorning all the cares
That fate or fortune brings,
He makes the heaven his book,
His wisdom heavenly things ;

Good thoughts his only friends,
    His wealth a well-spent age,
The earth his sober inn
    And quiet pilgrimage.

Thomas Campion.

XI. TOUCHSTONE

Argument.

Marriage should be neither for money nor beauty but for love.

A fool and knave with different views
    For Julia's hand apply ;
The knave, to mend his fortune sues,
The fool, to please his eye.

Ask you how Julia will behave ?
    Depend on't for a rule,—
If she's a fool she'll wed the knave,
If she's a knave, the fool.

Samuel Bishop.

XII. TO THE CUCKOO

Argument.

Though he could never catch sight of the bird, the poet loved to hear it when he was a boy. He does so still, and its song brings visions of the happy days of the past.

O Blithe New-comer ! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice,
O Cuckoo, shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice ?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear,
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near.

Though babbling only to the Vale,
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring !
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery ;

The same whom in my school-boy days
I listened to ; that Cry
Which made me look a thousand ways,
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green ;
And thou wert still a hope, a love ;
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet ;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessed Bird, the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, faery place,
That is fit home for thee !

W. Wordsworth.

XIII. NO MORE A-ROVING

Argument.

Time and age reduce our zest for life.

So we'll go no more a-roving
So late into the night,
Though the heart be still as loving,
And the moon be still as bright.

For the sword outwears its sheath,
And the soul wears out the breast,
And the heart must pause to breathe,
And love itself have rest.

Though the night was made for loving,
And the day returns too soon,
Yet we'll go no more a-roving
By the light of the moon.

Lord Byron.

XIV. JUST BEAUTIES

Argument.

A long life may not be the best life. A short life filled with beauty and goodness may be perfect.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make Man better be ;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere ;
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night ;
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.

B. Jonson.

XV. THE SHELL

Argument.

There is as much beauty in a small sea-shell as in the finest work of art.

See what a lovely shell,
Small and pure as a pearl,
Lying close to my foot,
Frail, but a work divine,
Made so fairily well
With delicate spire and whorl,
How exquisitely minute,
A miracle of design !

What is it ? a learned man
Could give it a clumsy name,
Let him name it who can,
The beauty would be the same.

The tiny cell is forlorn,
Void of the little living will
That made it stir on the shore.
Did he stand at the diamond door
Of his house in a rainbow frill ?
Did he push, when he was uncurl'd,
A golden foot or a fairy horn
Thro' his dim water-world ?

Alfred Tennyson.

XVI. DISCIPLINE

Argument.

A prayer to God not to punish weak mortals but to reclaim them through love.

Throw away Thy rod,
Throw away Thy wrath ;
O my God,
Take the gentle path !

For my heart's desire
Unto Thine is bent ;
I aspire
To a full consent.

Not a word or look
I affect to own,
But by book,
And Thy Book alone.

Though I fail, I weep ;
Though I halt in pace,
Yet I creep
To the throne of grace.

Then let wrath remove ;
Love will do the deed ;
For with love
Stony hearts will bleed.

Love is swift of foot ;
Love's a man-of-war,
And can shoot,
And can hit from far.

Throw away Thy rod ;
Though man frailties hath,
Thou art God ;
Throw away Thy wrath !

G. Herbert.

XVII. IN THE TRAIN

Argument.

Heaven is always with us while love is in our hearts.

As we rush, we rush in the Train,
The trees and the houses go wheeling back,
But the starry heavens above the plain
Come flying on our track.

All the beautiful stars of the sky,
The silver doves of the forest of Night,
Over the dull earth swarm and fly,
Companions of our flight.

We will rush ever on without fear ;
Let the goal be far, the flight be fleet'!
For we carry the Heavens with us, dear,
While the earth slips from our feet.

James Thomson.

XVIII. UPHILL

Argument.

When we finish our life's journey, we and those who have gone before us will receive our just reward for what we have done, and will find rest from our labours.

Does the road wind up-hill all the way ?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day ?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place ?
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face ?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night ?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight ?
They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak ?
Of labour you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek ?
Yea, beds for all who come.

Christina Rossetti.

XIX. I WILL BE WORTHY OF IT

Argument.

Mortals cannot command success, but it is a great gain in itself to *deserve* it.

I may not reach the heights I seek.
My untried strength may fail me ;
Or, half-way up the mountain peak
Fierce tempests may assail me.
But though that place I never gain.
Herein lies comfort for my pain
I will be worthy of it.

I may not triumph in success,
Despite my earnest labour ;
I may not grasp results that bless
The efforts of my neighbour,
But though my goal I never see,
This thought shall always dwell with me—
I will be worthy of it.

The golden glory of Love's light
May never fall on my way ;
My path may always lead through night.
Like some deserted by-way.
But though life's dearest joy I miss,
There lies a nameless strength in this—
I will be worthy of it.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

XX. THE ELDERLY GENTLEMAN

Argument.

If we reflected before acting we would never do some of the foolish things we do.

By the side of a murmuring stream, an elderly
gentleman sat ;
On the top of his head was his wig, and a-top
of his wig was his hat.

The wind it blew high and blew strong, as the
elderly gentleman sat,
And bore from his head in a trice, and plunged
in the river his hat.

The gentleman then took his cane, which lay
by his side as he sat ;
And he dropped in the river his wig attempting
to get out his hat.

His breast it grew cold with despair, and full
in his eye madness sat ;
So he flung in the river his cane to swim with
his wig and hat.

Cool reflection at last came across, while this
elderly gentleman sat ;
So he thought he would follow the stream and
look for his cane, wig and hat.

His head being thicker than common, o'er-
balanced the rest of his fat ;
And in plumpt this son of a woman to follow
his wig, cane and hat.

George Canning.

XXI. BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

Argument.

Beautiful sights and cheerful sounds cannot dispel sad thoughts of a lost friend.

Break, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones, O Sea !
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play !
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill ;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

Alfred Tennyson.

XXII. WHEN YOU ARE OLD

Argument.

In old age we may have happy memories of these who loved us but we may think more fondly still of those who really understood us.

When you are old and grey and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book.
And slowly read ; and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep ;
How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true,
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face ;
And bending down beside the glowing bars
Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

W. B. Yeats.

XXIII. TO BLOSSOMS

Argument.

All earthly things, however beautiful, must fade and die

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast ?
Your date is not so past
But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What ! were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good night ?
'Twas pity Nature brought you forth
Merely to show your worth
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave :
And after they have shown their pride
Like you, awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

Robert Herrick.

XXIV. THE SLUGGARD

Argument.
To be idle in life is to waste the gifts God gave us for good and useful work.

'Tis the voice of the sluggard ; I heard him complain
'You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber again,'
As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed,
Turns his sides and his shoulders and his heavy head.

'A little more sleep, and a little more slumber';
Thus he wastes half his days and his hours without number;
And when he gets up, he sits folding his hands,
Or walks about sauntering, or trifling he stands.

I pass'd by his garden, and saw the wild briar,
The thorn and the thistle grow broader and higher;
The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags
And his money still wastes, till he starves or he begs.

I made him a visit, still hoping to find
He had took better care for improving his mind;
He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating and drinking;
But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves thinking.

Said I then to my heart, 'Here's a lesson for me;
That man's but a picture of what I might be;
But thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding,
Who taught me betimes to love working and reading.'

Isaac Watts.

XXV. NOW

Argument.
The call of the Present is most vital; the Past and the Future are unreal and not so pressing or urgent.

Rise ! for the day is passing
And you lie dreaming on ;
The others have buckled their armour,
And forth to the fight are gone :
A place in the ranks awaits you ;
Each man has some part to play ;
The Past and Future are nothing,
In the face of stern To-day.

Rise from your dreams of the Future—
Of gaining some hard-fought field ;
Of storming some airy fortress,
Or bidding some giant yield ;
Your future has deeds of glory,
Of honour (God grant it may !)
But your arm will never be stronger,
Or the need so great as To-day.

Rise ! if the Past detains you,
Her sunshine and storms forget ;
No chains so unworthy to hold you
As those of a vain regret :

Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever,
Cast her phantom arms away,
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife To-day.

Rise ! for the day is passing :
The sound that you scarcely hear
Is the enemy marching to battle—
Arise ! for the foe is here !
Stay not to sharpen your weapons,
Or the hour will strike at last,
When, from dreams of a coming battle,
You may wake to find it past !

A. A. Procter.

XXVI. THE HERO'S DEATH

Argument.

The memory of brave men never fades in the hearts of those who loved them.

Life's parting beams were in his eye,
Life's closing accents on his tongue,
When round him, pealing to the sky,
The shout of victory rung !

Then, ere his gallant spirit fled,
A smile so bright illumed his face—
Oh ! never, of the light it shed,
Shall memory lose a trace !

His was a death with rapture high
Transcending all that life could yield ;
His warmest prayer was so to die,
On the red battlefield !

And they may feel, who loved him most,
A pride so holy and so pure :
Fate hath no power o'er those who boast
A treasure thus secure.

F. Hemans.

XXVII. PLAYTHINGS

Argument.

As children we are innocent and happy, contented with trifles but as men we lose our joy in simple things, and always want what is out of our reach.

Child, how happy you are sitting in the dust,
playing with a broken twig all the morning.
I smile at your play with that little bit of a
broken twig.
I am busy with my accounts, adding up figures
by the hour.
Perhaps you glance at me and think, " What a
stupid game to spoil your morning with !"
Child, I have forgotten the art of being absorbed
in sticks and mud-pies.

I seek out costly playthings, and gather lumps
of gold and silver.
With whatever you find you create your glad
games, I spend both my time and my
strength over things I never can obtain.
In my frail canoe I struggle to cross the sea of
desire, and forget that I, too, am playing a
game.

Rabindranath Tagore.

XXVIII. GUERDON

Argument.

Every living thing receives from God what is needed for its own purposes and happiness, and the poet asks him for the gifts of Love, Truth and Song.

To field and forest
The gifts of the spring,
To hawk and to heron
The pride of their wing ;
Her grace to the panther,
Her tints to the dove....
For me, O my Master,
The rapture of Love !

To the hand of the diver
The gems of the tide,

To the eyes of the bridegroom
The face of his bride ;
To the heart of a dreamer
The dreams of his youth....
For me, O my Master,
The rapture of Truth !

To priests and to prophets
The joy of their creeds,
To kings and their cohorts
The glory of deeds ;
And peace to the vanquished
And hope to the strong,
For me, O my Master,
The rapture of Song !

Sarojini Naidu.

XXIX. A SONG AT PARTING

Argument.

A ripe old age makes one ready for death and a quiet grave, blessed by the kind memories of friends.

The tick of the blood is settling slow, my heart
will soon be still,
And ripe and ready am I for rest in the grave
atop the hill ;

So gather me up and lay me down, for ready
and ripe am I,
For the weary vigil with sightless eyes that may
not see the sky.

I have lived my life : I have spilt the wine that
God the Maker gave,
So carry me up the lonely hill and lay me in
the grave,
And cover me in with cleanly mould and old
and lichened stones,
In a place wherever the cry of the wind shall
thrill my sleepy bones.

Gather me up and lay me down with an old
song and a prayer,
Cover me in with wholesome earth, and weep
and leave me there ;
And get you gone with a kindly thought and an
old tune and a sigh,
And leave me alone, asleep, at rest, for ready
and ripe am I.

John Masefield.

XXX. A FAREWELL

Argument.
Good and noble deeds enrich life and ensure eternal happiness.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you ;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and grey :
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

I'll tell you how to sing a clearer carol
Than lark who hails the dawn on breezy down,
To earn yourself a purer poet's laurel
Than Shakespeare's crown.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long :
And so make life, death, and that vast For-Ever,
One grand, sweet song.

Charles Kingsley.

Title [redacted]

Author [redacted]

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NOTES

I. SONG

Spring : the season of joy and beauty.
Seven : the best hour of the day.
Dew-pearled : drops of dew like pearls shining on leaves.
Thorn : the thorny bush on which the snail feeds.
Right : God is watching over the world, so all is well with it.

Remember the following phrases :—

At the spring ; dew-pearled ; on the thorn ; all's right with the world.

II. THE HOUR OF PRAYER

Red light : the light of the sun when it sets.
Earnest eye : serious, intent, watchful.
Eve : short form of 'Evening.'
Harvest work : work in the fields when corn is being reaped.
Ere : before.
Dark hours be : before the night comes.
Household band : one's family.
Mourner : one who has lost his near and dear ones.
Haunted : always hearing the voice of the one he has lost.
Hath not leave : where the sun does not allow its beams to shine i.e. which is dark.
Darkening sea : growing dark with the coming of night.
Breathest : is full of life.

Lowly slain : the man who has been killed, lying on the ground.

Triumph : gain victory in battle.

Sigh : weep for loss.

Kindred : belonging to one family.

Holy tie : as sons of the same God.

Remember the following phrases :—

At play ; fades away ; earnest eye ; breeze of eve ; harvest work ; the dark hours ; lift the heart and bend the knee ; household band ; darkening sea ; set of sun ; lowly slain ; burial plain ; holy tie ; heaven's first star.

III. REEDS OF INNOCENCE

Wild : where no one lived.

Pleasant glee : joy.

On : riding upon.

Lamb : represents purity and sacrifice.

Wept with joy : when the soul feels joyous, tears come to our eyes.

Vanished : disappeared like a spirit.

Rural : such as a countryman uses.

Stained : coloured.

Remember the following phrases :—

Wild valleys ; pleasant glee ; merry cheer ; happy pipe ; wept with joy ; hollow reed ; happy songs ; joy to hear.

IV. A WISH

Cot : short form of 'Cottage'.

Hum : soft murmur, buzz.

Willowy : with willow trees along the bank.

Turns : works.
Oft : short form of ' often.'
Ivy'd : covered with the evergreen ivy creeper.
Fragrant : fresh and full of scent.
Drinks : is kept fresh by.
Merry peals : joyous church-bells.
Swell : fill.
Taper spire : steeples on churches point heavenwards.
Taper=coming to a point.

Remember the following phrases :—

Beside the hill ; bee-hive's hum ; willowy brook ; linger near ; clay-built nest ; welcome guest ; ivy'd porch ; fragrant flower ; drink the dew ; marriage vows ; merry peals ; swell the breeze.

V. LITTLE BUSY BEE

Shining : bright with the light of the sun.
Op'ning : buds that grow into flowers.
Food : honey.
Satan : the evil one—Devil.
Still : always.
Idle hands : people with no work.
At last : when death takes us away.

Remember the following phrases :—

Shining hour ; opening flower ; works of labour or of skill ; Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do ; healthful play.

VI. THE PLAINT OF THE CAMEL

Canary bird : A small singing bird with yellow feathers.
Crackers : thin crisp biscuits.
Poodles : small curly-haired dogs.
Noodles : silly creatures.
Lunch : mid-day meal.
Question : doubt.
Roost : rest and sleep.
Pails : small buckets.
Exposed : open to danger.
Coops : long cages for fowls.
Treated to : given, presented with.
Handy : useful.
Bestraddle : sit astride.
Creek : a small stream.
Lumpy, bumpy, humpy : the camel's bones stick out in many places, and he has a hump (the well-known growth on his back).

Remember the following phrases :—

Crackers to crunch ; never a question ; roost upon rails ; comes handy ; wavy and sleek ; lumpy, bumpy and humpy.

VII. THE OLD

Bark : a small boat.
Home : place of rest—heaven.
Toil : work hard.
Release : time of death, freedom from all their troubles.
Dimly blending dream : hazy vision.
Realms : unreal world.

Remote : beyond reach.
Happy silence : peace and calm.
Shadowy : ghostly.
Weary : worn out by life's toil.
Tranquillity : peace.

Remember the following phrases :—

Toil and grieve ; hour for release ; long life lies behind ; dimly blending dream ; realms that only seem ; nothing left to do ; happy silence ; shadowy bark ; weary may go home ; still water ; ' After battle sleep is best, after noise tranquillity '.

VIII. A FAREWELL

Tribute : the gift of water the stream makes to the ocean, like an offering to a ruler.
Lea : meadow.
Alder : a tree of the oak family.
Aspen : a kind of poplar tree whose leaves quiver with the slightest breeze.
Thousand suns : many days.
Thousand moons : many nights.

Remember the following phrases :—

For ever and for ever ; lawn and lea ; aspen shiver ; a thousand suns ; a thousand moons.

IX. CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH

Crabbed : ill-tempered and sour.
Pleasance : a lovely sheltered garden.
Summer morn : fresh and joyous.
Winter weather : cheerless and dreary.

Brave : full of activity.
Bare : dreary and cold.
Sport : play.
Short : easily tired.
Nimble : quick of foot.
Hot and bold : full of warmth and courage.
Weak and cold : without energy and warmth.
Abhor : hate.
Adore : love and respect.

Remember the following phrases :—

Full of pleasure ; full of care ; summer morn ; winter bare ; full of sport ; hot and bold ; weak and cold.

X. THE MAN OF LIFE UPRIGHT

Guiltless : innocent.
Vanity : false pride.
Harmless : that does not hurt others.
Delude : give false hope.
Towers : castles.
Secret vaults : underground cellars for safety.
The deep : the tumultuous sea.
Sober inn : quiet resthouse.
Quiet pilgrimage : peaceful journey to heaven.

Remember the following phrases :—

Guiltless heart ; silent days ; harmless joys ; hopes delude ; thunder's violence ; unaffrighted eyes ; horrors of the deep ; terrors of the skies ; fate or fortune ; a well-spent age ; sober inn ; quiet pilgrimage.

XI. TOUCHSTONE

Julia : A woman's name.
Sues : presents his claim.
Rule : principle of life.
Knave : wicked person.

Remember the following phrases :—

A fool and a knave ; mend one's fortune ; to please the eye ; depend on it.

XII. TO THE CUCKOO

Blithe : full of joy.
Wandering : going here and there.
Twofold : in two syllables : cuck-oo.
Babbling : talking like a child.
Visionary : full of dreams of the past.
Mystery : something puzzling, not yet explained.
Golden time : the happy and innocent days of childhood.
Unsubstantial : without any reality.
Faery place : fairyland, full of joy.

Remember the following phrases :—

Blithe new-comer ; wandering voice ; twofold shout ; at once far off and near ; sunshine and flowers ; visionary hours ; darling of the spring ; look a thousand ways ; on the green ; still longed for, never seen ; golden time ; faery place.

XIII. NO MORE A-ROVING

A-roving : wandering without aim.

Remember the following phrases :—

Go no more a-roving ; late into the night ; sword outwears its sheath ; soul wears out the breast ; pause to breathe ; day returns too soon.

XIV. JUST BEAUTIES

Remember the following phrases :—

Fall a log at last ; dry, bald and sere ; lily of a day ; flower of Light ; just beauties ; short measures.

XV. THE SHELL

Frail : delicate, easily broken.
Divine : made by the hands of God.
Fairily : like the beauty of a fairy.
Spire : long curved lines.
Whorl : circular design of shell.
Clumsy : long and difficult, ugly.
Forlorn : deserted.
Living will : life.
Stir : move, be active.
Diamond : bright as a jewel.
Frill : ornamental edging.
Fairy horn : the horn some shell-fish have.
Water-world : the watery world he lives in—the sea.

Remember the following phrases :—

Pure as a pearl ; work divine ; spire and whorl; miracle of design ; clumsy name ; little living will ; diamond door ; rainbow frill ; golden fort.

XVI. DISCIPLINE

Bent : willing to be controlled.
Aspire : desire deeply.
Consent : harmony.
Affect : pretend.
Book : Bible—the book of God.
Halt : limp.
Grace : mercy, divine favour.
Stony : hard, callous.
A man-of-war : a battleship.
Frailties : weaknesses and faults.

Remember the following phrases :—

The gentle path ; heart's desire ; full consent ; halt in pace ; throne of grace ; swift of foot ; hit from far ; a man-of-war ; man frailties hath.

XVII. IN THE TRAIN

Wheeling : turning away swiftly.
Starry : studded with stars.
Heavens : the sky.
Silver doves : stars—white as doves.
Forest of night : the dark night is compared to a dark forest. The stars seem to fly over the dark sky like doves flying through a forest.
Dull : without any charm.
Flight : swift journey.
Goal : the end of the journey.
Carry the Heavens : we have all the heavenly happiness of love in our hearts.

Remember the following phrases:—

Wheeling back ; starry heavens ; silver doves of the forest of night ; dull earth ; swarm and fly ; carry the Heavens ; the slipping earth.

XVIII. UPHILL

Road : path of life.
Journey : journey of life.
Resting-place : heaven.
Inn : where weary travellers may rest.
They : those who are in charge of that last "inn".
Travel-sore : tired by the journey.
Beds : suggest peace and calm.

Remember the following phrases:—

Wind uphill ; day's journey ; whole long day; from morn to night ; slow dark hours ; those who have gone before ; travel-sore and weak ; all who seek.

XIX. I WILL BE WORTHY OF IT

Heights : goal of life.
Tempests : trials of life.
Earnest : sincere and serious.
Bless : come as a reward.
Golden glory : the light that makes life lovely.
Night : darkness and loneliness.
Nameless strength : a spiritual power to which no name can be given.

Remember the following phrases:—

Heights I seek ; untried strength ; half-way up ; fierce tempests assail ; herein lies comfort ; earnest labour ; results that bless ; golden glory of Love's light ; deserted by-way ; life's dearest joy ; a nameless strength.

XX. THE ELDERLY GENTLEMAN

Murmuring : soft sound made by flowing water.
A-top : on the top.
Wig : false hair worn by a bald person.
High and strong : as in a storm.
Cool reflection : quiet thought.
Head being thicker : a fool is said to be thick-headed.
Fat : fat body.
Plumpt : dropped, went splash.

Remember the following phrases:—

Murmuring stream ; a-top ; blew high and strong ; cold with despair ; full in the eye ; madness sat ; cool reflection ; thick-head ; in plumpt ; son of a woman.

XXI. BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

Break : the waves are said to break as they splash on the rocks.
Grey stones : rocks.
Would : wish.
Well : it is right and natural.
Bay : where the sea fills a wide opening of the coast.
Stately : grand ; carrying their high masts proudly.

Haven : harbour, place of rest.
Vanish'd hand : hand of one who is dead.
Tender grace : kindly charm.

Remember the following phrases :—

Cold grey stones ; at play; stately ships ; haven under the hill ; touch of a vanish'd hand ; voice that is still ; tender grace ; day that is dead.

XXII. WHEN YOU ARE OLD

Soft look : tenderness.
Shadows deep : the shadows in her dark eyes.
Glad grace : charm and happiness.
Pilgrim soul : her soul that never seemed to rest.
Bars : bars of the grate, fireplace.
Mountains : high and lonely places.
Crowd of stars : in the heavens, where love could hide his sorrow.

Remember the following phrases :—

Old and grey and full of sleep ; nodding by the fire : the soft look ; pilgrim soul ; changing face.

XXIII. TO BLOSSOMS

Pledges : tokens, promises of future fruit.
Ye : you (poetical use).
Date : term of life.
Blush : become pink : a blush is a sign of modesty or timidity.
Glide : move slowly and silently.

Remember the following phrases:—

Fair pledges ; fruitful tree ; bid good night ; go at last ; an hour or half's delight ; show your worth ; show one's pride ; glide into the grave.

XXIV. THE SLUGGARD

Sluggard : lazy and idle man.
Hinges : joints on which a door hangs.
Folding his hands : with his hands crossed, idle.
Sauntering : walking without aim.
Briar : a kind of shrub.
Thistle : a plant with prickly stem and leaves.
Grow broader and higher : he neglected his garden and all the weeds grew tall.
Bible : the book of the Christian scriptures.
Betimes : in good time : before it was too late.

Remember the following phrases:—

Voice of the sluggard ; turn one's sides ; without number ; turn to rags.

XXV. NOW

Buckled : fastened their armour on, dressed for battle.
Forth : forward.
Ranks : place of the ordinary soldier, not an officer.
In the face of : before.
Stern : strict ; that demands obedience.
Airy fortress : castle in the air, imaginary castle.
Yield : surrender, submit.
Sunshine : times of good fortune.

Storms : i.e. trials.
Vain regret : useless sorrow.
Phantom arms : unreal embrace.

Remember the following phrases :—

Dream on ; buckle one's armour ; past and future are nothing ; stern to-day ; dreams of the future ; hard-fought field ; storm an airy fortress ; sunshine and storms ; vain regret ; phantom arms.

XXVI. THE HERO'S DEATH

Parting : short form of 'departing'.
Beams : rays of light.
Closing accents : last words.
Gallant : brave.
Illumed : made bright, illuminated.
Never .... lose a trace : i.e. remember for ever.
Rapture : intense joy.
Transcending : surpassing.
Warmest : most passionate, most earnest.
Red : i.e. with blood.
Treasure : precious remembrance.
Secure : locked in the mind and heart.

Remember the following phrases :—

Parting beams ; closing accents ; pealing to the sky ; shout of victory ; gallant spirit ; illumed his face ; lose a trace ; rapture high ; warmest prayer ; red battlefield.

XXVII. PLAYTHINGS

Adding up figures : writing business accounts.
Absorbed : happily busy.

Gather : collect.
Frail : weak.
Canoe : small boat, i.e. small human body.
Sea of desire : the vast distance that lies between me and what I hope to attain.

Remember the following phrases :—

Smile at play ; busy with accounts ; adding up figures ; lumps of gold ; time and strength ; frail canoe ; the sea of desire.

XXVIII. GUERDON

Guerdon : reward for merit.
Gifts : i.e. blossoms and flowers.
Pride : power to soar high.
Tints : soft colours.
Rapture : divine joy.
Gems of the tide : pearls.
Creeds : beliefs.
Cohorts : bodies of soldiers.
Vanquished : conquered.

Remember the following phrases :—

Field and forest ; gifts of spring ; hawk and heron ; rapture of love ; gems of the tide ; dreams of youth ; priests and prophets ; kings and their cohorts.

XXIX. A SONG AT PARTING

Tick : i.e. the pulse-beat.
Weary vigil : the watch for the day of judgment.
Sightless : without vision—being dead.

Spilt the wine : used up the energies God gave me.
Lichened : covered with moss : hence soft.
Cry : the sad moaning noise of the wind.
Thrill : make them throb.
Old song : some song the dead man knew when he was young.

Remember the following phrases :—

The tick of the blood ; ripe and ready ; weary vigil ; sightless eyes ; cry of the wind ; an old song and a prayer; an old tune and a sigh ; wholesome earth ; cleanly mould.

XXX. A FAREWELL

To skies so dull and grey : in such gloomy times as these.
Carol : a song of joy.
Hails : welcomes loudly.
Down : a hilly grassland where cattle graze.
Shakespeare : the greatest poet and dramatist of England.
Crown : i.e. fame.
Vast For-Ever : eternity.

Remember the following phrases :—

Dull and grey ; hails the dawn ; breezy down ; Shakespeare's crown ; vast For-Ever ; one grand, sweet song.

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